Dear Jim,

1/25/75

I dropped everything today to go over the Traverse for you, as I said I would before your return from your yesterday's trip to New York. As youknow, when you asked me togo to your apartment Tuesday, I let other things go and went there. Later that afternoon I was able to pick up some of what I'd let go, notall. So, the record is clear, I am still wiling to help, still trying to help, and it is no problem to anyone but me.

The conditions of our lives are as beyond our control as anything can be. The unnecessary problems and aggravations are entirely different, and from this minue on are going to end, onece and for all, or else. I recognize I am a bit more sensitive than usual, but as I have said before, there must at some point be an end to the abuse and the constant id subtle rubbing of our poverty into the flesh.

One of the things I could not anticipate when I was with you Wednesday was a medical need. Another is that the cops would really get dirty with Lil's sister's adopted boy. What they have done is too rotten to describe, why I don t know, and the lawyer is in a position where he is fraid not to bargain for a jail sentence as the lesser evil. I have been in on this and it is not easy. It is worse than the adjudicated cases because in my presence they to,d the kid there were no charges against him and he could talk without danger or jeopardy whereas, inadequately based, they actually had a warrant out for him! Hearing is set for Monday, of but one working day away. Not much time. Now, at the time I took time to help overcome the deficiencies, legal and other, of the Great and Important Bud, I had, for the first time, gotten an offer of help from a California lawyer in an effort to get some of the money owed me. This I have had to let slide for the above and this Ray thing. I was willing. Nobody made me do it. Nobody even knew. As you knew, we have to go to Washington Saturday. We want to get together with friends, aside from the medical reasons that take us there. So, a little beofre three, when I had just finished going over the traverse and about 2,500 words of notes, I phoned at Bud's office, reverse. Carmen understood and I'm sure she gave the message. It is now half past four, I'll soon be going for Lil, and His Royal Highness is too God darned cheap to call back and see why I called. It is over a year since I've called for <u>anything</u> other than <u>his</u>case. it is notnhs since I've called about anything. (Having a stranger say, <u>before</u> the move, that they were not supposed to take calls from me was more than enough to accomplish that.) So, when the friend wex are to see called the second time and when we'd have been able to see them for lunch and then come home and do other things, I did the only thing possible, make it for dinner, in case you want to get together with me on any of what I've suggested or to have me go over the part you did not have done.

Knowing the situation, when I met with people Tuesday about matters unknown to you and unrelated to this and they asked me to make a date for tomorrow, I said I couldn't until I knew I'd be free. So, I've been keeping what time I could free for you.

You could not do anything. You were not there. I knew if you were you'd have called, as you said you would. But the last word you gave me was that you would have the typing begin tommrrow. I don't think you can or should, one of the reasons for the call to Bud. He may, with his self-concept, ordain all sorts of things, but you actually have until a week from today to get the things in the mail. I haven,t even seen the non-attached Answer attachments yet, remember.

We both know that the half-buck or at most a buck it would have cost Bud to call me back is loss to him than a mill to me. In fact, when he wasn't lawyer enough to see to it that he got tax credit for it, I also did that for him. I'm simply not going to put up with this kind of abuse because Bud's sick ego and distress at his own complete incompetence drives him to irrationalities and the most deplorably unethical conduct. He has injured me. I have not injured him. So he twists it to make me some kind of villain, and that, in his state, justifies all the rotten things he does. This, in our present circustnaces, is very upsetting. It is bad enoug to have to do his work free atop taking all his abuse without this kind of cheapskate indignity being heaped on top of it.

As I've told you before and before you realized it, you are in the middle on this. That also is the reality. But there is Only You, Dick Daring.

Somehow, impossible as it may seem -and when people's self-concepts and egos are involved, I am not unaware of how difficult it can be p this kind of thing has got to be stopped. If it isn't, I'll not guarantee what I didn t do today won't happen. I've more than had it.

If you really knew me from the past, you'd know how exceptional it is that I haven't blown before this. In recent years I have kept myself rather much under control. It has not been easy and it is always disastrousing when it means accepting personal abuse in silence.

Don't under-estimat what I can do if I am driven or lose control or just say the hell with it, control is worse than the consequences of doing what I can.

Now there is no point intelling me that Bud doesn't know. We both know that Carmen is effecient. She and I have had a code for years. If I call and Bud is busy or can't take the call or isn t in, she tells him as soon as she can. It is now two hours. If she expected him back, and said so, he has been back of she has heard from him. It is now about 5.

Somehow, and I don't know how, you are going to have to put a bell on that cat and say now pussy, you really are supposed to be a human being, not a cat, so please be a nice cat and act like a man.

Ot else, believe me!

As it now is, it is too late for me to make any arrangements for tomorrow or Saturday, if I could afford to. Earlier it would have involved no cost. I can't afford to drive 200 miles and pay parking charges when I don't have the money and waste any time. I ought not have to and it is disgusting that one in Bud's position just doesn t care.

As you will see when you read my notes, this is in no way because I think your Traverse is not a good job. It is really excellent. That doesn't mean a few improvements are not possible or undesireable. Nor does it mean that Jimmy should be foreclosed from anything I might find in the exhibits to the Answer which I've not seen yet, after all this time.

That self-conceivedImportant Man, whose sole claim to fame may be what you and I do for him and whose importance is from the accident of birth into wealth only, had better stop allx this kind of shameful stuff.

What makes it all worse is that three hours before the end of her day, Jill had taken in 17 tax returns. Do you know how much work it is to do and check all those returns if she got no more, and another client walked in while we were talking. She have to do all the work after working hours, meaning now this weekend. With that kind of traffic so early, when most people don't have their W-2s yet, can you imagine what can lie ahead for her. Now why should I have to waste Saturday afternoon for her just because of Bud's sick notions and childish kidding of himself? Why should she be the victim of his really incredible posturing and what it drives him to? I would find this intolerable under any conditions, more so at our ages and even more than that because of our circumstances from which the future holds no promise of relief.

I'm well past a normal breaking point. It would be good, particularly for Bud, if he drives me no further. This whole stinking mess is more disgusting than I can tell you. Somehow, it simply must end. Bud will not be happy if I end it.